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Out Of The Binary



👁 122 ✓ 4 ★ 8

Chapter 1 by Rowan Byrne

What a violent beginning they had born. A violent beginning to a violent world.

The air around them crackled, Tors could feel the electricity in the sky and in the ground, grey clouds obscuring the view above. The weather made everything dark, washed out and blank. They ran a hand through the shaved side of their head once more, sighing at the sound of thunder that shook the City, the ground beneath soaked through with freezing rain. It wasn't a surprise.

The City was always dark and cold, had been for as long as Tors could remember (a good twenty years) and apparently it had been for longer before that. They hated it.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



Which made their pink umbrella all the funnier, really.

Seriously, the blank backdrop of the city, and Tors' pink umbrella. They always got a few strange looks as they walked down the street, but it was one of the few small pleasures of living in the hellhole that was the City.

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"Fag," a passerby spit as Tors walked past. They gave it a 1/10.

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"Fagarella," said a totally different man, dressed in a killer black coat that would have made the bleakest corner of the City blush in embarrassment. That one had a little thought. 6/10.

"Mommy, is that person a boy or a girl?" a small child asked curiously, their mother tugging them along by the arm. Tors hadn't seen one in a while; procreation wasn't exactly popular in such an every-man-for-themselves environment.

That one actually made them stop. Looking longingly in the direction of the child, they responded.

"Yes."

Chapter 3 by Rowan Byrne



The child blinked in confusion, not understanding their answer. Tors smiled softly at the brown haired, wide eyed kid, and gave a little wave, remembering when they had been that small. Children were cute and mostly kind, if they were cruel it was from blissful ignorance (though perhaps, they thought, that hurt the most) and to be truthful they liked most of them. Hopefully this one wouldn't grow up to be a bully.

The poor thing looked even more confused.

Their answer still stood though, because Tors had never really been a girl or a boy. It was hard to explain, but they were perfectly happy and comfortable with their identity now.

Now being the operative word there. Growing up in a place as brutal as the City was never exactly easy but for a kid who rebelled against every norm it was hell. Tors had never been able to stop themselves though, being bleak and boring just wasn't right, not for them. They only wished more people felt the same way.

A little sigh left them and one pale hand brushed down the velvet of their dress, a little bit of rare luxury in the City that they loved to wear. Even if it got them more than a few stares - not

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(Why did it have to move so often, it was such a pain.)

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